

*The History of*

thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure; yea and I'll swear I slew him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flest Thy mayden Sword.

*John.* But soft, who have we heere?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?  
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fals.* No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Jacker*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I graunt you, I was down, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleev'd, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and woud deny it, Zounds I will make him eate a peece of my Sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

*Henry the Fourth.*

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,  
I'll guild it with the happiest termes I have.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours:  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the Field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*Exeunt.*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward: He that rewards me,  
God reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow lesse: for I'll  
purge and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should  
doe.

*Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion finde rebuke:  
Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,  
Pardon and termes of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy *Kinmans* trust?  
Three Knights upon our party slayne to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoyded, it falls on me.

*King.* Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:  
Other offenders we will pause upon.  
How goes the Field?

*Prin.* The noble *Scot* Lord *Douglas*, when he saw  
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,  
The noble *Percy* slayne and all his men,  
Upon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent  
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him:

*King.*